

| COURT OF OFFICERS. | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Sheriff. | D. London. |
| Clerk & Register. | W. R. Steckert. |
| Treasurer. | G. M. E. Davis. |
| Prov. Attorney. | J. O. Hadley. |
| Judge of Probate. | A. Taylor. |
| C. C. Commissioner. | |
| Surveyor. | N. E. Britt. |
| CORONERS. | J. W. Shireman. |
| SUPERVISORS. | S. Revel. |
| Grove Township. | O. J. Bell. |
| South Branch. | Ira H. Richardson. |
| Reeves Creek. | W. Batterson. |
| Maple Forest. | Duane Willott. |
| Grayling. | R. S. Babbitt. |
| Frederickville. | John F. Hun. |
| Ball. | Chas. Jackson. |
| Center Pines. | John P. Hildreth. |

N. R. GILBERT, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, Etc.
U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensions.
ETSRG LAKE, MICH.

W. A. MASTERS—NOTARY PUBLIC—Con-
tract, Mortgages, etc. etc.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples works
free. Add. Mr. Stinson & Co., Portland
Maine.

\$66 a week in your town. Terms and \$5
per day free. Address H. BALLETT & Co.,
Portland, Maine.

\$72 a week. Includes a day at home
and \$5 per day free. Address T. H.
Co., Augusta, Maine.

J. Maurice Finn,
NOTARY PUBLIC, AND DEPUTY
Clerk and Register,
of CRAWFORD COUNTY.

A. H. SWARTHOUT:
ATTORNEY and SOLICITOR.

NOTARY PUBLIC.
Business in adjoining Counties solicited.
Real Estate, Insurance, & Collection Act.
GRAYLING, MICH.

N. E. Britt,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

Surveying, in all of its branches, in-
cluding leveling, promptly attended to.
GRAYLING, MICH.

HAVE YOUR
JOB PRINTING
DONE AT THE
AVALANCHE JOB OFFICE

120 Brown Street, C. C. Brown, Manager
CHARMAN HOUSE,
One Mich. Ave. and Grand River St.,
LANSING, MICHIGAN.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
Harrison & Reed, Proprietors,
Corner of Mill and Center street;
ST. LOUIS, MICH.
This house is first-class in every particular.

BAY CITY, MICHIGAN,
CITY HOUSE,
JOSEPH N. SEGUIN, Proprietor,
Corner of 1st and Adams Street,
BAY CITY, MICHIGAN.

WE Want 1000 AGENTS
to sell our Novelties, and make from
\$100 to \$200 a month. Circulars &c.,
sent free. Address,
U. S. MANUFACTURING CO.,
118 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ionian Jewel Sets.
Every lover of the beautiful should
have a set of this beautiful Jewelry.
Single set 25 cents, 4 sets, all different
55 cents. Agents wanted to sell these
goods. Address,
U. S. MANUFACTURING CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
See other ads.

UNPARALLELED OFFER.
FIRST CLASS SAWING MACHINE
With full line of attachments to do all
kinds of work.

GIVEN AWAY,
Free of Charge.

Myself made arrangements with a well known
man for a large number of their machines
at \$350 each, and \$250 for the first
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS WORTH OF BOOKS,
to be selected from our catalogue, consisting of
FABRICATED BOOKS, & STANDARD AUTHORS
ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, & STANDARD AUTHORS

A First Class Finity
Sewing Machine,

SAFELY ERMINATED IRON STAND, WITH SOLID
WALNUT TOP AND DRAWERS, COSTING
\$150.00, ADDED TO ANY DEPT. IN THIS CITY. FREE OF
CHARGE.

This is a bona fide offer, made for the purpose
of introducing our publications throughout
the United States.

Send for a Catalogue and descriptive Circular, to
PHILADELPHIA PUBLISHING
COMPANY.

729 Filbert Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents wanted to assist in distribution.

\$60 a week to young men, \$50 entitling
to No risk. Render, if you want a business
at which persons of either sex can make great pay
at all the time they work, write for particulars to
H. B. & Co., Portland, Maine.

VICTORIA JEWEL CASKET
Agents can make \$10 a day selling this
Casket. It contains two Bracelets, a
beautiful Shawl Pin, Finger Ring, Ear
Rings, Brooch, and one large Gold
Plated Ladies Neck Chain. Sample
Casket 50 cents. Agents wanted. Adres-
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Pittsburgh, Pa.

AN
Extraordinary Offer.
—A—
\$10 Gold Mounted Revolver
Sent for Only \$3.25.

Address, U. S. Manufacturing Co.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Crawford Avalanche

SALLING, HANSON & CO.

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS

VOL. III.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1882.

NO. 40.

THE AVALANCHE,

REPUBLICAN.

Published every Thursday, at Grayling, Mich. by
Salling, Hanson & Co.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

FOR ONE YEAR. \$1.00.
FOR SIX MONTHS. 50c.
FOR THREE MONTHS. 40c.

\$6 to \$20 per day at home. Samples with
Postage Name.

and take unto himself a partner of his
joys and sorrows and become one of
our first families.

Dr. Derby reports the death from
exposure and exhaustion of Brewster
Roy, aged seventeen, and serious in-
jury to a younger brother, aged twelve,
occurred by laying out last Thursday
night, by getting lost while on a hunt.

To those in search of homes, we
would recommend them to look at the
fine hardwood timbered lands of our
township. Our school section at \$1
per acre is only partly bought up, and
the land is as good if not better than
any in the township.

Our little village has lately had two
cases of what might have been con-
tagions but for the prompt efforts of
neighbors. The new house of C. W.
Wight was damaged to some extent, and
the other was the section house, occu-
pied by the section foreman, Mr.
Courtright. Caught in the roof. No
serious damage.

Mother! Mother! Mother!
Are you disturbed at night and bro-
ken of your rest by a sick child suffering
and crying with the excruciating pain
of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and
get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soot-
ing Syrup. It will relieve the poor
little sufferer immediately—depend up-
on it; there is no mistake about it. There
is not a mother on earth who has ever
used it, who will not tell you at once
that it will regulate the bowels, and
give rest to the mother, and relief and
relief and health to the child, open-
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and nurses in the United States. Sold
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FRUIT TREES.

Read and Consider.

—O—

The Avalanche

SAILING, HANSON & CO., PUBLISHERS.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

TWO VISIONS.

BY ALEX M. MACNAUL.

Where close the curving mountainous drew

To cap the stream in their embrace,

With every curve, curve and hue,

Reflected in its peaceful face.

The plowman stopped his team to watch;

Some distant glimpse of life to catch;

He stirs his singer, whilst his eyes

The morning freshness lies on him,

Just wakened from his balmy dream;

The travelers, begrimed and dust,

Think longingly of mountain streams,

Oh, for the joyous mountain air,

The fresh, delightful autumn day;

Among the little! The plowman there

Must have perpetual holiday!

And he, as still day long, his guides

His steady plow, with patient hand,

Thinks of the dying train that glides

Into some new, enchanted land;

Where, day by day, no plodding round

Wearies the frame and dulls the mind—

Where life itself seems to slight and sound,

With plows and furrows left behind.

Even so, to each, the untried ways

Of life are touched by fancy's glow,

That over-sheds its brightest rays;

Upon the path we do not know!

HOW BIRDIE ESCAPED.

"You have good looks, you have youth, you have address." Comes at once and I will introduce you to a lady whose fortune, with her hand, will repair what you have wasted."

Rolfe Rathburne threw down his uncle's letter, lighted a cigar and elevated his feet to the table. He knew very well, he believed, whom his uncle referred to—a ward of his, Miss Eliza Chauncey, who must by this time be of marriageable age, he considered.

"I'm not a marrying man," muttered young Rathburne, "but when I saw that girl, eight years ago, she promised to be a beauty; and a man's might do worse, perhaps, than to take a pretty wife with plenty of money."

He was a dissipated-looking young man of 25, with a black mustache and curling hair, which he made the most of. He had a fair proportion of brains, but no morals to speak of. He kept afloat in good society, however, having a knowledge of good breeding, and a rich uncle—the Honorable Christopher Brudenell. The Honorable Christopher Brudenell had written him the above letter. He was partial to his nephew.

Soon the French hotel where Rolfe Rathburne boarded knew him no more.

He left these congenial quarters and betook himself to the fatigues of a railway journey.

It had been some years since he had been at Ashdon, his uncle's country house. Eight years before, when he was a rather vicious lad of 18, his uncle, in fit of passion, had forbidden him the house; but that was one of the many bygones which Mr. Rolfe Rathburne's relatives were obliged to overlook.

Ashdon, with its white front pillars, its green lawns dotted with flower-laden stone urns, its fountain and whispering ash trees—Ashdon looked familiar.

He had walked up from the station, leaving his baggage to be sent for.

"Let me see," he soliloquized, viewing the place from a rise in the road. The girl was 18 when I saw her last.

a charming little brunette—and they called her Birdie. She must be 22 now,

and fascinating enough, I'll be bound!

Lonely here! Uncle keeps her secluded, fancy. Good idea! A beauty with a

fortune is rather dangerous property to be lying around loose. Wonder what her fancy is in men? Girls always have some notions of their own. As she is a

brunette, I suppose I ought to have a

big blonde beard to be killing."

He had reached the gates of Ashdon by this time, when a man with a big blonde beard suddenly approached him. He had a package of letters in his hand. Apparently he had just arrived and was in a hurry.

"We're going in," he asked.

"Yes," said Rathburne.

The man, who was well dressed and of fine appearance, selected a letter from the number in his hand.

"I have a letter here for Miss Chauncey. Will you be kind enough to deliver it to her personally?"

Rathburne, in good humor, assented civilly, and the man passed on, walking rapidly.

"He's not the postman. A tradesman, probably," mused Rathburne.

The letter was simply addressed, in a clear uniform cursive, "Miss Chauncey, Ashdon." He put it in the breast pocket of his coat and turned the handle of the iron gates of Ashdon, walked in.

* * * * *

Rolfe Rathburne had delivered that letter with kindling eyes. Birdie's dark eyes and rosebud mouth were more charming than anything he had ever seen before.

"Yes," said the Hon. Christopher Brudenell, "my ward is very pretty, and so far she has lived a very secluded life. I have thought it best."

"Has she no other friend or guardian, Uncle Chris?"

Uncle Chris, florid and portly, changed color.

"She is an orphan, quite alone, but for—well, in fact she had another guardian—Mordaunt. The rascal wanted to marry her—for her money, you know."

"Of course. What did you do?"

"Told him I had sent her abroad, and sent him posting off to search through the concert schools of France to find her. Meanwhile I have sent for you. I want to marry her. I give you this last chance. Remember, I shall pay no more of your spendthrift bills."

"I shall be very happy, my dear uncle."

Meanwhile Birdie, though it was past midnight, sat in her chamber, looking out into the moonlight garden; it had been a year since she had been outside those garden walls. How tired she had grown of its wearisome walks and monotonous stillness, only the bright young thing knew. Her smooth cheeks looked pale in the moonlight; her chin rested in her little hand.

"But if I could only see him once more, I would come back and stay a year contented, I would, indeed! He loves me; he is tender, gentle and kind. I only live, I think, when I am with him. When I'm not, I seem to be dying by inches day by day. Do people ever die for love when they are young and healthy as I am, I wonder? No, I think not," sadly said pretty little Birdie to her own sweet self.

And then she turned her mind intent

ly upon other things. Birdie could not sleep, that first night of Rolfe Rathburne's coming.

He could not sleep very well himself

when he first sought his chamber. Here was an unexampled piece of good fortune. Birdie was so beautiful and bewitching. He would marry her; pay those tormenting debts, set up a city house and enjoy life. He would like to show Birdie to the men of his sort—so fresh, so pretty and charming. Wouldn't they grow green with envy? He laughed in the darkness with thinking of it.

Fresh and sweet as a half-blown rose, but Birdie certainly was; but Mr. Rathburne, to his surprise, found her also a little thin.

No, she didn't care to walk in the garden, and she did dislike cigar smoke, and she wouldn't trouble him to carry her parasol or fan for her.

But wouldn't she show him the goldfish and perch?

They were in the pond, Birdie said, and the maid would give him some crumbs to call them up.

Mr. Rathburne retired discomfited.

"Birdie," said the Honorable Christopher, the next day, "don't you like my nephew?"

"Not particularly," answered Miss Birdie, with rare courage.

The Honorable Christopher stared.

"Hoity-toity! such airs are not becoming to you, miss! I have invited my nephew here to pay court to you. I require you to treat him civilly. You will do so, of course. You are not of age, remember."

"I will be in two months," replied Birdie, quietly, who seemed to have stetched her eyelids down to her sewing.

The Honorable Christopher was amazed. Was it possible the girl was no longer afraid of him? It could not be.

Where had she found courage?

No influence averse to his own could possibly have been brought to bear upon her. He took no notice of her last remark, but passed grandly from the room.

But days and weeks passed, and though Birdie would sometimes converse with Rolfe Rathburne, would sometimes let him attend her in feeding her birds in the aviary, and her fish in the fountain, he ever felt the little beauty's disdain.

In vain he oiled his hair and concealed his tobacco. Birdie's lovely eyes looked him over from head to foot coldly. Sometimes, when she was very weary of idleness and dullness, she would consent to play a game or two of chess with her Birdie. She must be 22 now, and fascinating enough, I'll be bound!

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

FORIGN.

A proclamation has been issued in Germany declaring that the cattle plague has been eradicated.

The balloon which carried Walter Powell from England in December was found in France, with the aeronaut's corpse in the basket.

—The correspondent in England of the New York *World*, reports that Ireland is gradually being pacified and order being restored.

—A process-server was shot dead near Castle-reagh, Ireland.

The Prussian Government has presented in the Landtag a bill for the purchase of six private railways, at a cost of 477,000,000 marks.

—The London *Times* says editorially that the Russian Government has been justly arraigned for its persecution of the Jews.

—More troops, including a battalion of the Old Guard, have been ordered to Ireland.

—The aged steward on the estate of Mrs. Morony, in County Clare, Ireland, was shot dead by unknown persons.

—The rebellion of the Herzogovinians is assuming threatening proportions. The press of Vienna is under official supervision for fear bad news may create a panic.

Gauthier handed to President Grey his resignation and that of his colleagues, because of the rejection of the Government bill for the revision of the constitution, on which the vote stood 305 to 117.

PERSONAL.

—Gen. Silas Casey, a retired army officer, died in Brooklyn.

—Rev. Fnoch Pond, D. D., of Bangor, Me., who was for fifty years connected with the theological seminary of that city, has passed away.

—Henry E. Rockwell, Secretary of the United States Fish Commission, dropped dead at his residence in Washington.

—The death is announced of Leon Clarkson N. Potter, of New York. He was for several years a member of Congress from the Empire State and a prominent figure in politics. He was a grandson of the famous Elielot Nott.

—Judge H. D. Barlow, formerly Speaker of the Wisconsin House of Representatives, died at his home in St. Croix Falls. He was a native of Auburn, N. Y.

—William R. Taylor, late Governor of Wisconsin, has secured a divorce for desertion and incompatibility.

—Thomas H. O'Brien, who returned from the war at the head of the famous Sixty-ninth regiment of New York, was arrested in St. Louis for forging the name of his brother to several notes.

—Gen. Robert B. Mitchell, known during the war as "Fighting Bob Mitchell," died suddenly at Washington, where he has for some years practiced as a lawyer and claim agent.

FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—The House Banking and Currency Committee invited Attorney General Brewster to appear and give his views on the bill to extend the national bank charters, but he asked to be excused at that stage of the game.

GENERAL.

—A Washington telegram says the treasury investigation has practically reached an end. The majority report will not reflect upon Secretary Sherman, but will recommend that all purchases made from the contingent fund of the treasury shall be itemized.

—John Irvin Kelsay, of St. Louis, 21 years old, became crazed from witnessing a recent hanging in that city, which so affected him that he died from hemoptysis of the lungs.

—At Newark, N. J., in the Graves murder case, the Judge charged the jury that it was a settled law in New Jersey that if an accused man had sufficient mind to distinguish between right and wrong, and could control his conduct under ordinary circumstances, he could not acquit himself on the plea of irresistible impulse; the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

—Tuesday, Jan. 24, was the coldest day in Boston for eleven years. Throughout Northern New York and New England, on the day, the mercury ranged from 10 to 40 degrees below zero.

—The peasants of the Government of Vitebsk, Russia, are so much opposed to the taking of the census that they resisted the troops and indulged in the destruction of considerable property.

—The Coroner's jury in the Spuyten Duyvil disaster declared Blakeney Molius guilty of willful and culpable neglect in not warning the approaching train, and pronounced him responsible for the loss of life which followed. George P. Hanford, the conductor of the wrecked train, and Edward Stanford, Arthur Baldwin Buchanan, and Frank Burr, engineers, were held responsible for neglect of duty, as was also Superintendent Tourey. These men are not found guilty of causing the death of Webster Wagner and others by criminal negligence.

—Small-pox is causing alarm in Washington, D. C.; Elkhart, Ind.; Memphis, Tenn.; Wilmington, Del.; Springfield, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo.; Newport, R. I.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; and Jersey City, N. J.

—It is reported from Washington that detectives have for months been gathering information in regard to the pernicious of leading politicians, to be used by the Mormons in the trial.

—A flour-mill and macaroni factory on Sixth street, San Francisco, valued at \$15,000, was burned yesterday. A loss of \$15,000 was incurred at Lancaster, Pa., by the destruction of the *Inquirer* building and the two adjoining structures. A damage of \$40,000 was inflicted upon the residence of George H. Bend, near Kingbridge, N. Y.

—Three persons were drowned while crossing a swollen stream on a raft, in Gratiot county, N. C.

—Four workmen in Burlington (Vt.) found dry were fatally burned by the overturning of a ladle of molten metal.

—Jay Gould has gobbed up another railroad the St. Louis and San Francisco—the capital stock of which is \$25,000,000.

—A dispatch from Guanajuato, Mexico, says: "Authentic rumors have been received of an engagement of the State troops with the Apache, who raided Lampo, resulting in the killing of twenty. The troops were in hot pursuit at last accounts."

FIRES AND CASUALTIES.

—Flames swept away ten large places of business in the city of Atlanta, Ga., involving a loss of half a million dollars.

—A collision occurred on the Savannah road, about thirty-seven miles from Charleston, between passenger trains. Mail Agent Fox was killed and Mail Agent Beersford fatally injured. The corpse of a colored fireman is still in the wreck. Five others were seriously hurt.

—Two cases of the burning to death of little children are reported—one in Ohio, where the fire broke out at night, and the parents were unable to rescue the little ones; and the other near Des Moines, Iowa, where the parents were absent, and the children were unable to unfasten the door and escape from the flames.

—Three children, aged respectively 12, 13, and 14 years, were scalded to death at Colma, Ohio, by the bursting of a stand-pipe in a factory boiler.

—Flames swept away the High School at Hartford, Ct., valued at \$120,000, on which

there was insurance to the amount of \$70,000.

—A fire at Woonsocket, R. I., destroyed the Providence depot, and the machine shop of Edwards, Alcott & Tolson, causing a loss of \$100,000. Engineer Reed was fatally chilled and two firemen injured. At Attleboro, Mass., the number-house of the Gold Medal Sewing Machine Company and the pattern room of the Rooney Machine Shop were burned, the loss being \$100,000. Miller & Son's knitting mill at Molineville, N. Y., Winkelman's meat house at St. Louis, and a wooden mill at Carthage, Mo., were also swept away by flames.

—Fifteen passengers were injured, none seriously, in an accident on the Northern Pacific railroad near Jamestown, Dak. A broken splice caused the train to leave the track.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

—Fred Parker, a hotel clerk at Dallas, Tex., was assaulted at midnight by a guest named Little, who sought to rob the safe. Parker snatched his pistol and shot him through the body.

—Robert C. Bailey, a school-teacher in Monroe county, Ind., sought to quash a pupil named Edward McBride, who stabbed him to the heart.

—Mr. Mayer and his daughter, living near Cumminsville, Ind., were murdered with an ax by a boarder named Michael Rourke.

—Neal, one of the murderers of the Gibbons family, near Ashland, Ky., has been condemned to death.

—The Grand Jury of Mercer county, N. J., has indicted twenty-three Freshmen of Princeton College for malfeasance in office.

—The Governor of Pennsylvania last week signed the death warrants of six murderers.

—James Carr, aged 70 years, was literally hacked to pieces with a carving-knife at Beach Station, Mich., by James Minnock, aged 70, with whom he lived. The murderer suspected his victim had stolen \$41 from under his pillow. Thirteen wounds were found on the body of the deceased. The money was found on the corpse. The murderer is in jail.

LATEST NEWS.

—Augustus Davis, colored, was hanged in the big prison yard at New Orleans, for an outrage on a German woman. John Morris was executed at Shady, N. C., in presence of 1,000 people, for a murder committed for revenge.

—At Memphis, Tenn., Wm. Roberts murdered his wife and then killed himself.

—The Prado Mortuary at Lima, Peru, one of the richest in that city, was recently invaded by a band of forty robbers, who secured every article of value possessed by the man and stripped the altars of their sacred reliques.

—Theophilus Parsons, the famous law writer, died at Boston, aged 83.

—A poor woman, with two sons, living in Greengrove, Pa., has fallen ill to \$300,000 by the death of a brother-in-law in Sweden.

—Mrs. Scoville thinks the verdict against Guiteau was providential.

—Thomas H. O'Brien, who returned from the war at the head of the famous Sixty-ninth regiment of New York, was arrested in St. Louis for forging the name of his brother to several notes.

—Gen. Robert B. Mitchell, known during the war as "Fighting Bob Mitchell," died suddenly at Washington, where he has for some years practiced as a lawyer and claim agent.

THE HISTORICAL.

—Mr. Cameron, of Wisconsin, submitted a resolution in the Senate, on Jan. 25, in memory of the late Matthew H. Parker. Tributes of respect were paid by several Senators, after which an adjournment was voted without the transaction of any business. In the Senate, Mr. Parker's name was also voted to the delivery of eulogies upon the dead Senator.

—After considerable opposition, the Senate bill to retire Associate Justice Hunt, but Mr. Holman objected. A bill was passed to re-elect the Associate Justice, and the Senate voted to increase the salary of the Comptroller of the General Land Office and create the office of Assistant Commissioner, also to make the same changes in the office of the Indian Commissioner. John W. Casper, of New Mexico, was appointed to the unexpired term in the House. Mr. Reed asked the immediate consideration of the Senate bill to retire Associate Justice Hunt, but Mr. Holman objected.

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THE AVALANCHE.
SALLING, HANSON & CO., EDs.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling,
Michigan, as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1882.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

"Lemon see," said the old man, holding with his chin on the top of his cane and speaking in the shrill falsetto voice of age, "it must be 47 years since Ann Maria died; yet I can remember the very gown she wore and the color of the long curl that hung down over her shoulder and the red on her cheeks that was like a winter apple. Dear me! she's never faded a mite in all them years, but just sits there a lookin' at me as she did when I bro't her home. You see there was a kind of romance 'twixt it, and I've often and often thought that if I had the power and could fit it out it would read beautiful as a novel; the fact was Ann Maria had another beau, but that ain't no wonder for she was the smartest and prettiest and best girl in the hull country side, but what I mean, she had favored him ever so little before I come around, and began keepin' her company. Folks kind of coupled their names together, and some of 'em, to bother me, hinted that she earned a heap for him. Why, you'd arter tew he seen him! He was slim and fine as a lady, and wore gaunter shoes, and had holler eyes as if he'd never had quite enuff to eat. Ann Maria care for him? why, the girl had sense and knew the difference between a feller as straight as a sapling with a color like new mahogany, and such a melancholy looking specimen as that. Besides, I hed a morgage on the old homestead, and Ann Maria's father owed me money, but I did right by them. I told her if she married me I'd deed the whole thing back to her, and I did. Well, we was married, and we made as purty a couple as you ever saw in your life. Ann Maria had a settin' out of china and linens, and I provided the house, and folks said I had the best wife a man ever had in the world; and I'd got everything just as I wanted it, and spos'd it would always be so; but from the day we were married my wife failed in health and spirits, and in six months I buried her. Folks said it was consumption, but it didn't run in the family. I was blind and full of pride then—but I've tho't since," here the old man lowered his voice, "that maybe all the time she loved that white-faced chaw as I despised; a woman's heart I've found out is sent, but if she did and married me from a mistaken sense of duty, why I'll never get to say I've been punished, too, for I loved her! Perhaps I never felt it as much as I did when I saw her lying white and peaceful in her chintz gown, with the violet on it, and something round her neck that I never see before—a little cheap locket with some hair in that wasn't mine."

Then I inquired that her heart had broke and I said solemnly as I kissed her good-bye: "My dear, I'll never have a wife but you if I live the four score-year-and-ten!" and I never have, and I think mebbe she will see that I loved her truly, and forgive me at last."—Detroit Free Press.

THAT SECOND-HAND BOOK.

A week or two ago a bright and shatty young woman called at a house on Cass avenue and endeavored to make a sale of a book entitled "Home and Mother." The lady of the house received her in the usual ten degrees below fashion and, utterly refusing to take the book, she said:

"I haven't any money, and I know that my husband wouldn't pay for it."

"It is a book highly spoken of by the press."

"Yes, I know, but my husband is queer."

"And you see the superior style of binding."

"I know, but my husband would call it bosh and trash."

"Shan't I call when he is at home?"

"That would be useless. He wouldn't even look at it, and he hates female book agents."

"Does he?"

"Yes, he abhors them. I know he doesn't even treat them civilly when they call at his office."

"Is that so?" mused the girl, and when she left the house she, for some reason or other, started right down town.

The lady of the house might have forgotten the incident in five or six years but for a sort of climax. When her husband came up to dinner he handed her a copy of "Home and Mother" with the remark:

"Happened to see it as I passed a second-hand book-store, and thought perhaps you'd like it."

"Yes—ah—but, Henry, a girl was here trying to sell me this very book over two hours ago!" stammered the wife.

"Was, eh? Well, she probably got discouraged, sold out to the second-hand dealer and has skipped the city. Is dinner ready?"

Dinner was ready, but somehow the wife had no appetite, and since that she had fits of abstraction, glances suspiciously around at times, and has been seen going in and coming out of second hand book-store. —Detroit Free Press.

THE JUDGE WHO FORGOT.

Several years ago, one of the Justices of the Peace in one of the new counties of Michigan had a case before him wherein the defendant was charged with stealing a sheep. All the evidence went to support the charge, and when the case went to the jury everybody knew what the verdict would be. After a few minutes deliberation that body announced a verdict of guilty, and his Honor was about to pass sentence when he suddenly threw aside his dignity and exclaimed:

"Great hokey! but this is all irregular! I didn't charge the jury before they went out!"

"That's so, your Honor," replied the defendant's lawyer. "I was going to appeal the case on those very grounds."

"Well, you don't get no appeal on this court. Gentleman of the jury, listen to the charge."

After delivering his charge he sent the jury out again to find a verdict, and as one of them didn't feel quite sure whether the prisoner stole the sheep or hired his brother to do it, the defendant was given the benefit of the "doubt" and the jury disagreed.

SOME NEW GEOGRAPHY.
FOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE NOT CUT
THEIR EYE TEETH.

"Of what is the surface of the earth composed?"

"Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, rail road tracks, base ball grounds, cricket fields, and skating rinks."

"What portion of the globe is water?"

"About three-fourths. Sometimes they add a little gin and nutmeg to it."

"What is a town?"

"A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men who 'run the party' and lend money at 15 per cent interest."

"What is a city?"

"A city is an incorporated town, with a Mayor who believes that the whole world shakes when he happens to fall flat on a crosswalk."

"What is commerce?"

"Borrowing \$3 for a day or two and dodging the lender for a year or two."

"Name the different races."

"Horse race, boat race, bicycle race and racing around to find a man to endorse your note."

"Into how many classes is mankind divided?"

"Six: being enlightened, civilized, half-civilized, savage, too-utter, not-worth-a-cent and Indian agents."

"What nations are called enlightened?"

"Those which have had the most wars, the worst laws and produced the worst criminals."

"How many motions has the earth?"

"That's according to how you mix your drinks and which way you go home."

"What is the earth's axis?"

"The lines passing between New York and Chicago."

"What causes day and night?"

"Day is caused by night getting tired out. Night is caused by everybody taking the street car and going home to supper."

"What is a map?"

"A map is a drawing to show the jury where Smith stood when Jones gave him a lift under the eye."

"What is a mariner's compass?"

"A jug holding four gallons."

BEATEN BY CHICAGO.

A Toledo commercial traveler who has been opening up a new route in Indiana this winter encountered one dealer who didn't think he had better change his custom. He had been dealing with a Chicago house for several years, and he had no fault to find.

"I can make you brooms for \$— per dozen," argued the Toledoan.

"Yes, but Chicago beats that."

"How's—cents a pound for starch?"

"Oh, Chicago beats that."

"I'll sell you a good tea by the chest for—cents."

"That's purty fair, but Chicago beats that."

"Our house will give you four months credit."

"Chicago's ahead of that."

The traveler couldn't mention a thing that Chicago didn't beat, and at last, despairing of receiving an order, he remarked:

"I did think of stopping over Sunday and going to church, but it seems—"

"Oh, it's no use in trying that on," interrupted the dealer. "The agent of a Chicago house has been running our choir over a year past, and a Cincinnati house has already agreed to send us on a Sunday school library. Maybe you can do something in the next town, but we're stuck here and wouldn't touch a Toledo house unless it promised us a 20-acre lot for a new graveyard."

HOLIDAY GOODS

—AT THE—
DRUG STORE!

SPRINGFIELD, SWISS, AND ■

ELGIN WATCHES

IS NO EQUAL
ALWAYS
CAND IN ORDER
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A LIFETIME

SURPASSESS OTHERS

Johnson Clark & Co.

20 UNION SQ. NEW YORK

CHICAGO ILL. &

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FOR SALE BY

JOHNSON, CLARK & CO.,

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CHICAGO, ILL.

and DR. N. H. TRAVER, Grayling.

Clocks in endless profusion.

Gold and Silver.

Vest and Neck.

Chains, Lockets.

Brooches, Charms, Thimbles.

Shirt-studs, Cuff-buttons.

Pins, Bracelets, Napkin-rings.

Castors, Cake-baskets, Rogers' Knives.

Forks.

Spoons, Mugs.

and Children's Sets.

Pictures, Picture-frames, Mirrors.

Brackets, Wash-stands, Bureaus, Bed-

stands, Mattresses, Springs.

Fancy Stands, Tables of

all kinds, qualities

and prices.

40 different styles of Chairs and

Rockers in stock.

Vases, Parlor Lamps and Shades

in nice variety.

Dolls and Toys for the

million.

A choice stock of Books and Sta-

tionery especially selected

for the

HOLIDAY TRADE.

SEWING MACHINES.

My Sewing Machines are not the lum-

bering, clumsy old devices of 10 or 15

years ago, but the latest improvements

and inventions of the day; in fact,

marvels of simplicity and perfection.

DRUG STORE.

As usual, my Stock of Drugs, Medi-

cines and Notions is complete.

45 N. H. TRAVER, M. D.

GRAYLING.

French Clothing House! Michigan Central Railroad.
SAGINAW DIVISION.
Time Table—May 25, 1881.



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ENT SHIRTS.

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REED'S

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TONIC

TRADE MARK

IS A TEAR-CUGH RENDY

In every case of Palpitation, Frightened Heart, Acid, &c. of the Liver, Intestines and other parts of the animal forces, which dilute, It is equivalent, and can have no substitute. It is a powerful, safe, and trifling remedy, and can be had in cheap tablets and capsules, oil, lotion, and even the name of Bitters.

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Drugists, Grocers and Yards Merchants ever

where in the United States.

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LOW PRICES AND ON LONG TIME

Saginaw river nearly to

the Straits of Mackinaw and contain

large tracts of

rolling land.

as

as

can be

found in any

part of the United

States, are well timbered